

The True-Born Englishman. A SATYR.

The Preface, to the Reader.

THE End of *Satyr* is Reformation: And the Author, who he doubts the Work of Conversation is at a general Stop, has put his Hand on the Plow. I expect a Storm of ill Language from the Ears of the Town: and especially from those whose English Talent it is to Rail: And without being taken for a Conjuror, I may venture to foretell, That I shall be call'd at about my Mean Stile, Rough Verle, and Incorrect Language; Things I might indeed have taken more Care in. But the Book is Printed; and tho I see some Faults, 'tis too late to mend them. And this is all I think needful to say to them.

Possibly somebody may take me for a Dutchman; in which they are mistaken: But I am one that would be glad to see Englishmen behave themselves better to Strangers, and to Governours also; that one might not be reproach'd in Foreign Countries, for belonging to a Nation that wants Manners. I assure you, Gentlemen, Strangers use us better abroad; and we can give no reason but our ill Nature for the contrary here. Methinks an Englishman, who is so proud of being call'd A Goodfellow, shou'd be civil: And it cannot be denied but we are in many Cases, and particularly to Strangers, the Churlishest People alive.

As to Vices, who can dispute our Intemperance, while an Honest Drunken Fellow is a Character in a man's Praise? All our Reformatiōns are Banquets, and will be so, till our Magistrates and Gentry Reform themselves by way of Example; then, and not till then, they may be expected to punish others without blushing. As to our Ingratitude, I desire to be understood of that particular People, who pretending to be Protestants, have all along endeavour'd to reduce the Liberties and Religion of this Nation into the Hands of King James and his Popish Powers: Together with such who enjoy the Peace and Protection of the present Government, and yet abuse and affront the King who procur'd it, and openly profess their Uneasiness under him: These by whatsoever Names or Titles they are dignified or distinguish'd are the People aim'd at: Nor do I disown, but that it is so much the Temper of an Englishman to abuse his Benefactor, that I could be glad to see it rectified. They who think I have been guilty of any Error, in exposing the Crimes of my own Countrymen to themselves, may among many honest Instances of the like nature, find the same thing in Mr. Cowley, in his Imitation of the second Olympick Ode of Pindar: His Words are these:

But in this Thankless World, the Givers
Are envy'd even by th' Receivers:

'Tis now the Cheap and Frugal Fashion,
Rather to hide than pay an Obligation.

Nay, 'tis much worse than so;

It now an Artifice doth grow,

Wrongs and Outrages th' do,

Least men should think we owe.

THE INTRODUCTION.

Speak, *Satyr*, for there's none can tell like thee,
Whether 'tis Folly, Pride or Knavery,
That makes this discontented Land appear
Less Happy now in Times of Peace and War:
Why Civil Feuds disturb the Nation more
Than all our Bloody Wars have done before.

Fools out of Favour grudge at Knaves in Place,
And Men are always Honest in Disgrace:
The Court-Preferments make Men Knaves in course;
But they which wou'd be in them wou'd be worse.

'Tis not at Foreigners that we repine,
Wou'd Foreigners their Perquisites resign:
The Grand Contentions plainly to be seen,
To get some Men put out, and some put in.
For this our S—rs make long Harangues,
And florid M—rs wet their polish'd Tongues.

Statesmen are always Sick of one Disease;
And a good Pension gives them present Ease.

That's the Specifick makes them all content
With any King, and any Government.

Good Patriots at Court-Abuses rail,
And all the Nation's Grievances bewail:

But when the Sovereign Balsam's once apply'd,
The Zealot never fails to change his Side.

And when he must the Golden Key resign,
The Railing Spirit comes about again.

Who shall this Babel'd Nation disunite,
While they their own Felicities refuse?

Who at the Wars have made such mighty Pothers,
And now are falling out with one another?

With needless fears the Jealous Nation fill,
Always have been sow'd against their Will:

Who Fifty Millions Sterling have disburs'd,
To be with Peace and too much Plenty curs'd.

Who their old Monarch eagerly undo,
And yet uneasily obey the New.

Search, *Satyr*, search, a deep Incision make
The Poyson's strong, the Antidote's too weak.

'Tis pointed Truth must manage this Disease,
And down-right English, Englishmen expose.

Whet thy just Anger at the Nation's Pride,
And with keen Phrase repel the Vicious Tide.

To Englishmen their own beginnings show,
And ask them why they slight their Neighbours.

Go back to Elder Times, and Ages past,
And Nations into long Oblivion cast.

To Old Britannia's Youthful Days retire,
And there for True-Born Englishmen enquire.

Britannia freely will disown the Name,
And hardly knows herself from whence they came.

Wonders that they of all Men shou'd pretend
To Birth and Blood, and for a Name contend.

Go back to Causes where our Follies dwell,
And fetch the dark Original from Hell.

Speak, *Satyr*, for there's none like thee can tell.

The True Born Englishman. PART I.

Wherever God erects a House of Prayer,
The Devil always builds a Chappel there.

And 'twill be found upon Examination,
The latter has the largest Congregation.

For ever since he first debauch'd the Mind,
He made a perfect Conquest of Mankind.

With Uniformity of Service, he
Reigns with a general Antithocracy.

No Nonconforming Sects disturb his Reign,
For of his Tools there very few complain.

He knows the Genius and the Inclination,
And matches proper Sins for ev'ry Nation.

An

English

Praverty,

Where God

has a Church,

he does his

Chappel.

He

He needs no Standing-Army Government ;

He always rules as by our own Consent :

His Laws are easy, and his gentle Sway

Maker is exceeding pleasant to obey.

The List of his Vicegerents and Commanders,

Our does your *Cæsars*, or your *Alexanders*,

They never fail of his Infernal Aid,

And he's as certain neere to be betray'd,

Through all the World they spread his vast Command,

And Death's Eternal Empire's maintain'd,

They rule so politickly and so well,

As if they were L_____ of Hell,

Daily divid'd to debauch Mankind,

And plain Infernal Dictates in his Mind,

Pride, the First Peer, and President of Hell,

To his share Spain, the largest Province, fell,

The subtile Prince thought fittest to bestow,

On these the Golden Mines of Mexico,

With all the Silver Mountains of Peru,

Wealth which would in wise Hands the World undo,

Because he knew their Genius was such,

Too Lazy and too Haughty to be Rich,

So proud a People, to adore their Fate,

That if reduc'd to beg, they'll beg in State,

Lavish of Money, to be counted Brave,

And Proudly Starve, because they scorn to save,

Never was Nation in the World before,

So very Rich and yet so very Poor.

List chose the Torrid Zone of *Tahiti*,

Where Blood ferments in Rivers and Sodomy,

Where twining Veins o' reflow with living Streams,

With Heat impregnant from *Vulcanian* Flames:

Whose flowing Sulphur fortifies Infernal Lakes,

And human Body of the Soil partakes,

There Nature ever burns with hot Desires,

Pann'd with Luxuriant *Art* from *Subordinate* Fires,

Here undress'd the *Flames* of *Lechery* and Lust,

The Infernal Kingdom reigns with Infernal Gust,

Drink the *Daring* Favourite of *Hot*,

Chose *Germany* to rule, and rules so well,

No Subject more obsequiously obey,

None please so well, or are so pleas'd as he,

The cunning *Art* manages so well,

He lets them Bow to *Leviathan*, and *Dracul* tell,

If but to *Live* and him they *Adore* pay,

He comes to what *Deity* they pay, will not err,

What God they worship most, even *Witch* they *Adore*,

Whether by *Luxury*, *Calony*, or by *Religion*, *Witch* they *Adore*,

They laugh at *Heaven*, by *Witch* they *Adore*,

Ungeared *Patience* night *Ed* *Witch* they *Adore*,

Where *Witch* they *Adore* in *Witch* they *Adore*,

A *Dance* *Nation*, *Witch* they *Adore* in *Witch* they *Adore*,

Have *Witch* they *Adore* in *Witch* they *Adore*,

Promptly *Witch* they *Adore* in *Witch* they *Adore*,

And *Witch* they *Adore* in *Witch* they *Adore*,

The *Witch* they *Adore* in *Witch* they *Adore*,

And *Witch* they *Adore* in *Witch* they *Adore*,

The *Witch* they *Adore* in *Witch* they *Adore*,

And *Witch* they *Adore* in *Witch* they *Adore*,

The *Witch* they *Adore* in *Witch* they *Adore*,

And *Witch* they *Adore* in *Witch* they *Adore*,

Governs, as he of old in *Heaven* did,

Worshipp'd as God, his *Witch* they *Adore*,

Embr'd with Blood of those that him invoke,

The rest by Deputies he rules as well,

And plants the distant Colonies of Hell,

By them his secret Power he maintains,

And *Witch* they *Adore* in *Witch* they *Adore*.

By Zeal the *Irish* ; and the *Ruth* by Folly :

Fury the *Dane* : The *Sweeds* by Melancholly :

By stupid Ignorance, the *Muscovites* :

The *Chinese* by a Child of Hell, call'd Wit :

Wealth makes the *Persian* too Effeminate :

And Poverty the *Tartars* Desperate :

The *Turks* and *Moor*s by *Mahmet* he subdues :

And *God* has *Witch* they *Adore* in *Witch* they *Adore*,

Rage rules the *Portuguese* ; and *Witch* they *Adore*,

Revenge the *Pole* ; and Avarice the *Dutch* :

Say be kind, and draw a silent Veil,

Thy Native *England*'s Vices to conceal :

Or if that Task's impossible, to do,

At least be just, and show her Virtues too,

Too Great the first, *Alas* ! the last too few,

England unknown as yet, unpeopled lay,

Happy, had she remain'd to this Day,

And to ev'ry Nation been a Prey :

Her Open Harbours, and her Fertile Plains,

The Merchants Glory these, and those the Swains,

To ev'ry Barba'ous Nation have betray'd her,

Who conquer her as oft as they invade her,

So Beauty guarded due by Innocence,

Thy *Witch* they *Adore* in *Witch* they *Adore*,

Thy *Witch* they *Adore* in *Witch* they *Adore*,

Possest her very early for his own,

An Ugly, Surly, Sullen, Selfish Spirit,

Thy *Witch* they *Adore* in *Witch* they *Adore*,

Second to him in Malice and in Force,

All *Witch* they *Adore* in *Witch* they *Adore*,

He made her First-born Race to be so rude,

And suffer'd her to be so oft subdu'd :

By several Crowds of Wand'ring Thieves o'er run,

Often unpeopled, and as oft undone,

While ev'ry Nation that her Powers reduc'd,

Their Languages and Manners introduc'd,

From whose mixt Relicks our compounded Breed,

By frarious Generation does succeed,

Making a Race uncertain and uneven,

Deriv'd from all the Nations under Heaven.

The *Roman* first with *Julius Cesar* came,

Including all the Nations of that Name,

Gauls, *Greeks*, and *Latins* ; and by Computation,

Auxiliaries or Slaves of ev'ry Nation,

With *Her* gift, *Shame*, *Darius* with *Suebo* came,

In search of Plunder, not in search of Fame,

Scotts, *Pills*, and *Ruth*, from *Witch* they *Adore*,

And Conqu'ring *Witch* they *Adore* brought the *Normans* o'ce,

All these their Barba'ous Offspring left behind,

The Dregs of Armies, they of all Mankind,

Blended with *Britains* who before were here,

Of whom the *Witch* they *Adore* the Character,

From this Amphibious Ill-born Mob began

Toat vain ill-natur'd thing, an *Englilman*,

The Customs, Sit-names, Languages and Manners,

Of all these Nations are their own Explainers :

Whose Relicks are so lasting and so strong,

They ha' left a *Shit* upon our Tongue,

By which with easy search you may distinguish

Your *Roman*, *Saxon*, *Danish*, *Norman*, *Englil*,

The great *Invading* *Norman* let us know

What Conquerors in After Times might do

To ev'ry *Musqueer* he brought to Town,

He gave the Lands which never were his own,

When first the *Englil* Crown he did obtain,

He did not send his *Dutchmen* home again,

No Resurrections in his Reign were known,

*Win the
Cong
Dr Archer

D'avenant might there ha' let his Book alone,
 No Parliament his Army could disband,
 He rais'd no Money for be paid in Land,
 He gave his Legions their Eternal Station,
 And made them all Freeholders of the Nation.
 He canton'd out the Country to his Men,
 And ev'ry Soldier was a Denizen.
 The Rascals thus entic'd, he call'd them Lords,
 To please their Upright Pride with new-made Words;
 And *Downday-Book* his Tyranny records.

And here begins the Ancient Pedigree
 That so exalts our Poor Nobility,
 'Tis that from some French Trooper they derive,
 Who with the Norman Bastard did arrive
 The Trophies of the Families appear,
 Some show the Sword, the Bow, and some the Spear,
 Which their Great Ancestor, forsooth, did wear.
 These in the Herald's Register remain,
 Their Noble Mean Extraction to explain,
 Yet who the Hero was, no Man can tell,
 Whether a Drummer or a Colonel.
 The silent Record blushes to reveal
 Their Undetected Dark Original.

But grant the best, How came the Change to pass;
 A True-Born Englishman of Norman Race,
 A Turkish Horse can show more History,
 To prove his Well-descended Family.
 Conquest, as by the *Moderns 'tis express'd,
 May give a Title to the Lands possess'd.
 But that the Longest word should be to Crown,
 To make a Frenchman English, that's the Down.

These are the Heroes that dish'd the French,
 And rail at new-come Forceners to such,
 Forgetting that themselves are all the same,
 From the most Scoundrel Race that ever liv'd.
 A horrid Medley of Thieves and Drakes,
 Who ransack'd Kingdoms, and dill'd the Towns.
 The Priest and painted Briton, Treacherous Scour,
 By Hunger, Theft, and Rapine, hither brought.
 Norwegian Pirates, Buccannering Swains,
 Whose Red-haired Offspring ev'ry where remains.
 Who join'd with Norman French, could build the Breed
 From whence your True-Born Englishmen proceed.

And last by Length of Time it be pretended,
 The Climate may this Modern Breed ha' mended.
 Wise Providence, to keep us where we are,
 Mixes us daily with exceeding Care.
 We have been *Europ's Sink*, the *Jacks* where the
 Voids all her Offal Out-cast Progeny.
 From our Fifth Henry's time, the Strolling Bands
 Of banish'd Fugitives from Neighbouring Lands,
 Have here a certain Sanctuary found:

The Eternal Refuge of the Vagabond,
 Where in but half a common Age of Time,
 Borrowing new Blood and Manners from the Climate,
 Proudly they learn all Mankind to condemn,
 And all their Race are True-Born Englishmen.

Dutch, Walloons, Flemings, Irishmen, and Scots,
 Vaudors and Valloons, and Hugonots,
 In good Queen Bess's Charitable Reign,
 Supplid us with Three hundred thousand Men.
 Religion, God we think, has sent them hither,
 Priests, Protestants, the Devil and all together:
 Of all Professions, and of ev'ry Trade,
 All that were persecuted or afraid;
 Whether for Debt or other Crimes they fled,
 David at Hockley was a th' their Head.

The Offspring of this Miscellaneous Crowd,
 Had not their new Plantations long enjoy'd,
 But they grew Englishmen, and rais'd their Voies
 At Foreign Shoals of *Laterloping Sees*.
 The *Royal Branch from *Pier-Mant* did succeed,
 With Troops of Scots and Scabs from North-by-Tweed.
 The Seven first Years of his Pacifick Reign,
 Made him and half his Nation Englishmen,
 Scots from the Northern Frozen Banks of Tay,
 With Packs and Pleds came whiggins all away:
 Thick as the Locusts which in Egypt swarm'd,
 With Pride and hungry Hopes completely arm'd:
 With Native Truth, Diseases, and no Money,
 Plunder'd our *Canaan* of the Milk and Honey.
 Here they grew quickly Lords and Gentlemen,
 And all their Race are True-Born Englishmen.

The Civil Wars, the common Purgative,
 Which always use to make the Nation thrive,
 Made way for all that strolling Congregation,
 Which throng'd in Pious *Ch...*'s Restoration. K. C. II.

The Royal Refugee our Breed restores,
 With Foreign Countries, and with Foreign Whores:
 And carefully reepeople us again,
 Throughout his Lazy, Long, Lascivious Reign,
 With such a bled and True-Born English Fry
 As much illustrates our Nobility.
 A Gratitude which will to black appear,
 As future Ages must abhor to hear:
 When they look back on all that Crimson Flood,
 Which stream'd in *Lindsey's*, and *Caernavon's* Blood:
 Bold *Stafford*, *Cambridge*, *Capel*, *Lucas*, *Liste*,
 Who crown'd in Death his Father's Fun'ral Pile,
 The Lolls of whom, in order to supply
 With True Born English Nobility,
 Six Bastard Dukes survive his Luscious Reign,
 The Labours of Italian C—.

French P—, *Tabby S—*, and *Cambrian*,
 Besides the Numerous Bright and Virgin Throng,
 Whose Female Glories shade them from my Song.

And heal the latent better to advance,
 H' invites the banish'd Protestants of France:
 Hither for God's like and their own they fled,
 Some for Religion came, and some for Bread:
 Two hundred thousand Pair of Wooden Shoes,
 Who, God be thank'd, had nothing left to lose;
 To make us starve our Poor in Charity.
 In ev'ry Part they plant their fruitful Train,
 To get a Race of True-Born Englishmen:
 Whole Children will, when riper Years they see,
 Be as Ill-natur'd and as proud as we:
 Call themselves English, Foreigners despise,
 Be justly like us all, and just as wise.

Thus from a Mixture of all Kinds began,
 That Heterogeneous Thing, An Englishman
 In eager Rapes, a furious Lust begot,
 Betwixt a Painted Briton and a Scot:
 Whole gendring Offspring quickly learnt to bow,
 And yoke their Heifers to the Roman Plough:
 From whence a Mongrel half-bred Race, there came
 With neither Name nor Nation, Speech or Fame,
 In whose hot Veins new Mixtures quickly ran,
 Infus'd betwixt a Saxon and a Dane.
 While their Rank Daughters, to their Parents just,
 Receiv'd all Nations with Promiscuous Lust.
 This Nauseous Brood directly did contain,
 The well-extracted Blood of Englishman.

While Medly canton'd in a Heptarchy,
 Rhapsody of Nations to supply,
 Among themselves maintain'd eternal Wars,
 And still the Ladies lov'd the Conquerors.
 The *Western* Angels all the rest subdu'd;
 No *Roman* now, no *Britain* does remain;
Wales strove to separate, but strove in vain:
 The silent Nations undistinguish'd fall,
 And *Englishman's* the common Name for all.
 Fate jumb'l'd them together, *Gods* knows how;
 Where're they were, they're *True-Born English* now.
 For as the *Scots*, as Learned Men ha' said,
 Throughout the World their Wandring Seed ha' spread;
 So open handed *England*, 'tis believ'd,
 Has all the Gleaning of the World receiv'd.
 Some think of *England* it was our Saviour meant,
 The Gospel should to all the World be sent:
 Since when the blessed Sound did higher reach,
 They to all Nations might be said to Preach.
 'Tis we'll that Virtue gives Nobility,
 Else God knows where had we our Gentry;
 Since scarce one Family is left alive,
 Which does not from some Foreigner derive.
 Of Sixty thousand *English* Gentlemen,
 Whose Names and Arms in Registers remain,
 We challenge all our Heralds to declare
 Ten Families which *English Saxons* are.
 France justly boasts the Ancient Noble Line
 Of *Boirbon*, *Monmorency*, and *Lorrain*.
 The *Germans* too their House of *Austria* show,
 And *Holland* their Invincible *Nassau*.
 Lines which in Heraldry were Ancient grown,
 Before the Name of *Englishman* was known.
 Even *Scotland* too her Elder Glory shows,
 Her *Guthsons*, *Hammonds*, and her *Monroes*;
Dowglers, *Mackays*, and *Grahams*; Names well known,
 Long before Ancient *England* knew her own.
 But *England*, Modern to the last degree,
 Borrows or makes her own Nobility,
 And yet she boldly boasts of Pedigree:
 Reptines that Foreigners are put upon her,
 And talks of her Antiquity and Honour:
 Her S———s, C———s, D———s, and V———s,
 M———s and M———s, D———s and V———s,
 Not one have *English* Names, yet all are *English* Peers,
 Your H———s, P———s and L———s,
 Pass now for *True-Born English* Knights and Squires.
 And make good Senate-Members, or Lord-Mayors.
 Wealth, how (e'er got, in *England* makes
 Lords of Mechanicks, Gentlemen of Rakes.
 Antiquity and Birth are needless here;
 'Tis impudence and Money makes a Peer.
 Innumerable City-Knights we know,
 From *Blencoat Hospitals* and *Bredwell* flow.
 Draymen and Porters fill the City, Chair,
 And Footboys Magisterial Purple wear.
 Fate has but very small Distinction set
 Betwixt the Countess and the Coroner.
 Tarbaulin Lords, Pages of high Renown,
 Rise up by Poor Mens Valour, not their own,
 Great Families of yesterday we show,
 And Lords, whose Parents were the Lords knows who.

P A R T II.

H. B. Breed's describ'd. Now, Say, if you can,
 Their Temper show, for *Manners* make a Man.
 As the *Britann*, as the *Roman* Brave;
 Who inclin'd to Conquer than to Save.

Eager to fight, and lavish of their Blood;
 And equally of Fear and Forecast void.
 The *Pitt* has made 'em Sowre, the *Dane* Morose;
 False from the *Scot*, and from the *Norman* worse.
 What Honesty they have, the *Saxon* gave them,
 And That, now they grow old, begins to leave them.
 The Climate makes them Terrible and Bold;
 And *English* Beef their Courage does uphold:
 No Danger can their Daring Spirit pall,
 Always Provided when their Belly's full.

In close Intrigues their Faculty's but weak,
 For gen'rally whate're they know, they speak.
 And often their own Councils undermine
 By their Infimty, and not design.
 From whence the Learned say it does proceed,
 That *English* Treasons never can succeed:
 For they're so open-hearted, you may know
 Their own most secret Thoughts, and others too.

The lab'ring Poor, in spight of Double Pay,
 Are Sawcy, Mutinous, and Beggary:
 So lavish of their Money and their Time.
 That want of Forecast is the Nation's Crime.
 Good Drunken Company is their Delight;
 And what they get by Day, they spend by Night.
 Dull Thinking seldom does their Heads engage,
 But Drunk their Youth away, and burry on Old Age.
 Empty of all good Husbandry and Sense;
 And void of Manners most, when void of Pence,
 Their strong Aversion to Behaviour's such,
 They always talk too little, or too much.
 To dull, they never take the pains to think;
 And seldom are good-natur'd, but in Drink.

In *English* Ale their daer Enjoyment lies,
 For which they'll starve themselves and Families.
 An *Englishman* will fairly drink as much
 As will maintain Two Families of the *Dutch*:
 Subjection all their Labours to the Pots;
 The greatest Artists are the greatest Sots,
 The Country Poor do by Example live;
 The Gentry Lead them, and the Clergy drive:
 What may we not from such Examples hope?
 The Landlord is their God, the Priest their Pope.
 A Drunken Clergy, and a Swearing Bench,
 Has giv'n the Reformation such a Drench,
 As wise men think there is some cause to doubt,
 Will purge Good Manners and Religion out.

Poets long since *Parnassus* have forsaken,
 And say the Ancient Bards were all mistaken,
Apollo's lately abdicate and fled,
 And good King *Bacchus* reigneth in his stead:
 He does the Chaos of the Head refine,
 And Atom-Thoughts jump into Words by Wine:
 The Inspirations of a finer Nature;
 As Wine must needs excel *Parnassus* Water.
 Statesmen their weighty Politicks refine,
 And Soldiers raise their Courages by Wine.
Cecilia gives her Choristers their Choice,
 And lets them all drink Wine to clear the Voice.
 Some think the Clergy first found out the way,
 And Wine's the only Spirit by which they Pray.
 But other less prophane than so, agree,
 It clears the Lungs and helps the Memory;
 And therefore all of them divinely think,
 Instead of Study, 'tis as well to drink.

Even the gods themselves, as Mortals say,
 Were they on Earth, wou'd be as drunk as they:

Ne Star would be nore Celestial Drink,
 They'd all take Wine, to teach them how to Think.
 But *English* Drunkards, Gods and Men out-do,
 Drink their Estates away, and Senles too.
Colon's in Debt, and if his Friend shou'd fail
 To help him out, must Die at last in Goal:
 His *Wealthy Uncle* sent a Hundred Nobles,
 To pay his Trifles off, and rid him of his Troubles:
 But *Colon*, like a *True-Born-Englishman*,
 Drank all the Money out in bright Champaign;
 And *Colon* does in Custody remain,
Drunk'ness has been the Darling of the Realm,
E're since a Drunken Pilot had the Helm.

In their Religion they are so unev'n,
 That each Man goes his own By-way to Heav'n.
 Tenacious of Mistakes to that degree,
 That ev'ry Man pursues it sep'ately.
 And fancies none can find the Way but he:
 So shy of one another they are grown,
 As if they strove to get to Heav'n alone.
 Rigid and Zealous, Positive and Grave,
 And ev'ry Race, but *Charity*, they have:
 This makes them to ill-natur'd and Uncivil,
 That all Men think an *Englishman* the Devil.
 Surly to Strangers, Froward to their Friend;
 Submit to Love with a reluctant Mind;
 Resolv'd to be ungrateful and unkind.
 If by Necessity reduc'd to ask,
 The giver has the difficultest Task:
 If your Nistakes their Ill Opinion gain,
 No Merit can their Favour re-obtain:
 And if they're not Vindictive in their Fury,
 'Tis their inconstant Temper does secure ye:
 Their Brain's so cool, their Passion seldom burns;
 For all's condens'd before the Flame returns,
 The Fermentation's of so weak a Matter,
 The Humid damps the Fume, and runs it all to Water.
 So tho' the Inclination may be strong,
 They're pleas'd by Fits, and never Angry long.

Then if good Nature show some slender Proof,
 They never think they have Reward enough:
 But like our *Modern Quakers* of the Town,
 Expect your Manners, and return you none.

Friendship, th' abstracted Union of the Mind,
 Which all Men seek, but very few can find:
 Of all the Nations in the Universe,
 None talk on't more, or understand it less:
 For if it does their Property annoy,
 Their Property their Friendship will destroy.

As you discourse them, you shall hear them tell
 All things in which they think they do excel:
 No *Panegyrick* needs their Praise record?

An *Englishman* ne'er wants his own good Word.
 His first Discourses gen'rally appear

Prologu'd with his own wondrous Character:
 When, to illustrate his own good Name,
 He never fails his Neighbour to defame;
 And yet he really designs no Wrong;
 His Malice goes no farther than his Tongue.
 But pleas'd to Tattle, he delights to Rail,
 To satisfy the Lech'ry of a Tale.

His own dear Praises close the ample Speech,
 Tells you how Wise he is; that is, how Rich:
 For *Wealth is Wisdom*; he that's Rich is Wise;
 And all Men Learned Poverty despise.

His Generosity comes next, and then
 Concludes that he's a *True-Englishman*;

(3)

And they, 'tis known, are Generous and Free,
 Forgetting and Forgiving Injury:
 Which may be true, thus rightly understood,
Forgiving Ill-Turns, and Forgetting Good.

Cheerful in Labour when they've undertook it;
 But out of Humour, when they're out of Pocket.
 But if their Belly and their Pocket's full,
 They may be Phlegmatick, but never Dull:
 And if a Bottle does their Brains refine,
 It makes their Wit as sparkling as their Wine.

An *Englishman* is gentlest in Command;
 Obedience is a Stranger in the Land:
 Hardly subjected to the Magistrate;
 For *Englishmen* do all Subjection hate.
 Humblest, when Rich, but peevish when they're Poor:
 And think whate'er they have, they merit more.

The the meanest *English* Plowman studies Law,
 And keeps thereby the Magistrates in Awe;
 Will boldly tell them what they ought to do,
 And sometimes punish their Omissions too.

Their Liberty and Property is so dear,
 They scorn their Laws or Governors to fear:
 So bug-bear'd with the Name of Slavery,
 They can't submit to their own Liberty.

Restraint from Ill is Freedom to the Wise;
 But *Englishmen* do all Restraint despise.
 Slaves to the Liquor, Drudges to the Pots,
 The Mob are Statesmen, and their Statesmen Sots.

Their Governors they count such dangerous Things,
 That 'tis their Custom to affront their Kings:
 So jealous of the Power their Kings possess'd,
 They suffer neither Power nor Kings to rest.
 The Bad with Force they eagerly subdue;
 The Good with constant Clamours they pursue;
 And did their King *Jesus* Reign they'd murmur too.
 A discontented Nation, and by far
 Harder to Rule in Times of Peace than War:

Easily to set together by the Ears,
 And full of causeless Jealousies and Fears:
 Apt to revolt, and willing to rebel,
 And never are contented when they're Well.
 No Government cou'd ever please them long,
 Gou'd tye their Hands, or rectify their Tongue.
 In this to *Ancient Israel* well compar'd,
 Eternal Murmurs are among them heard.

It was but lately that they were oppress'd,
 Their Right invaded, and their Laws suppress'd:
 When nicely tender of their Liberty,
 Lord! what a Noise they made of Slavery!

In daily Tumults shou'd their Discontent;
 Lampoon'd their King, and mock'd his Government:
 And if in Arms they did not first appear,
 'Twas want of Forces, and not for want of Fear.

In humbler Tone than *English* us'd to do,
 At Foreign Hands for Foreign Aid they sue.
 William the Great Successor of Nassau,
 Their Prayers heard, and their Oppressions saw:
 He saw and Sav'd 'em, God and him they prais'd:
 To this their Thanks, to that their Trophies rais'd.
 But glitted with their own Felicities,
 They soon their new Deliverer despise:
 Say all their Prayers back, their Joy disown,
 Unsing their Thanks, and pull thire Trophies down:
 Their Harps of Praise are on the Willows hung,
 For *Englishmen* are ne'er contented long.

The Rev'rend Clergy too! and who'd ha' thought
That they who had such Non-Resistance taught,
Should e're to Arms against their Prince be brought?
Who up to Heav'n did Regal Pow'r advance;
Subjecting English Laws to Modes of France;
Twisting Religion so with Loyalty;
As one could never live, and rather dye.
And yet no sooner did their Prince Design
Their Glebes and Perquisites to undermine,
But all their passive Doctrines laid aside;
The Clergy their own Principles deny'd:
Unpreach'd their non-Resisting Cant, and pray'd
To Heaven for Help, and to the Dutch for Aid;
The Church chim'd all her Doctrines back again,
And pulpits Champions did the Cause maintain;
Flew in the face of all their former Zeal,
And Non-Resistance did at once repeal.

The rev'rend Fathers then in Arms appear,
And Men of God become the Men of War.
The Nation, fir'd by them, to Arms apply;
Assault their Antichristian Monarchy;
To their due Channel all our Laws restore,
And made Things what they should ha' been before.
But when they came to fill the Vacant Throne,
And the Pale Priests look'd on what they done;
How English Liberty began to thrive;
And Church & England Loyalty out-live!
How all their Persecuting Days were done;
And their Deliberer plac'd upon the Throne!
The Priests, as Priests, no more to do, ruin'd Tail
They're Englishmen, and Names will prevail;
Now they deplore the Ruins they ha' made;
And Mourn for the Matter they betray'd.
Excuse these Crimes they could not make him mend;
And suffer for the Cause they can't defend.
Pretend they did not ha' carry'd Things so high;
And Proto-Martyrs make for Popery.

Had the Prince done as they design'd the Thing,
Ha' set the Clergy up to Rule the King;
Taken a Dorative for coming hither,
And to ha' left their King and them together,
We had say they been in a happy Nation.
No more had been a Bless'd Reformation;
For Wise Men lay to as dangerous things,
A Ruling Priesthood, as a Priest and King.
And of all Plagues with which Mankind are cur'd,
Ecclesiastick Tyranny is the worst.

If our former Grievances were feign'd,
King James has been abus'd, and we trepann'd;
Bugle'd with Popery and Power Despotick,
Tyrannick Government, and Leagues Exotick:
The Revolution's a Phantastick Plot,
A Tyrant, & a Cret.

A Factions Army and a Poison'd Nation,
Crucify fore'd King James's Abdication.

But she did the Subjects Rights invade,
Then he was Punish'd only, not betray'd,
And chastis'd of King in a mad and cruel way.

When Kings the Sword of Justice first lay Down,
They are no Kings, though they possess the Crown.

They are Stilets, Crowns are empty things,
The Head of Subjects is the End of Kings;

To protect in Peace,
When Tyrants then commence the Kings do cease;

To make a Power so strange a thing,
To make the Prince, and unmake the King.

(6)

If Kings by Foreign Priests and Armies reign,
And Lawless Power against their Oaths maintain;
Then Subjects must ha' reason to Complain;
If Oaths must bind us when our King does ill;
To call in Foreign Aid is to Rebel;
By Force to circumscribe our Lawful Prince,
Is willful Treason in the largest sense.
And they who once rebel, most certainly
Their God, their King, and former Oaths defy.
If we allow no Male-Administration
Could cancel the Allegiance of the Nation;
Let all our Learned Sons of Levi try,
This Eccles'astick Riddle to untie,
How they could make a Step to call the Prince,
And yet pretend th' Oath and Innocence.

By th' first Address they made beyond the Seas,
They're perjurd in the most intente Degrees;
And without Scruple for the time to come,
May Swear to all the Kings in Christendom:
Their Polirick Allegiance they'd refuse;
For Whores and Priests do never want excuse,
But if the Mural Contract was dissolv'd,
The Doubt's explain'd, the Difficulty solv'd:
That King, when they descend to Tyranny,
Dissolve the Bond, and leave the Subject free.
The Government's ungirt with Justice dies,
And Constitutions are Non-Entities.

This Doctrine has the Sanction of Assent,
From Natur's Universal Parliament.
The Voice of Nations, and the Course of Things,
Allow that Laws superior are to Kings,
None but Delinquents would have Justice cease,
Knows rail at Laws, as Soldiers rail at Peace:
For Justice is the End of Government,
As Reason is the Test of Argument.

No man was ever yet so void of Sense,
As to Debate the Right of Self-Defence;
A Principle so grafted in the Mind,
Which nature born, and does like nature bind:
Twisted with Reason, and with Nature too;
As neither one or t'other can undo.

Thus England groan'd Britannia's Voice was heard;
And Great Nallan to release her, appear'd:
Call'd by the Universal Voice of Fate;
God and the People Legal Magistrate.
To Heavens regard! almighty Jove look down,
And view thy Injur'd Monarch on the Throne.
On their Ungrateful Heads due Vengeance take,
Who sought his Aid, and then his part forsake,
Witness, ye Powers! it was our Call alone,
Which now our Pride makes us ashamed to own.
Britannia's Troubles fetch'd him from afar,
To Court the dreadful Casualties of War.

"But where Requital never can be made,
Acknowledgements a Tribute seldom paid,

He dwelt in Brigue Maria's Circling Arms,
Defended by the Magick of her Charms,
From Foreign Fears, and from Domestic Harms,
Ambition found no Fuel for her Fire,
He had what God could give, or Men desire.

Britannia's Cries gave Birth to his Intere;
And hardly could his unforeseen Affair;
His bodied too ghis foretold him he should find
The People Fickle, Selfish, and Unkind,
Which Thought did to his Royal Heart appear
More dreadful then the Danger of the War.

For nothing grates a Generous Mind so soon,
As base Returns for heavy Service done.
Satyr, be silent, awfully prepare
Britannia's Song, and Anna's Praise to hear,
Stand by, and let her cheerfully rehearse
Her Grateful Vows in Her Immortal Verse.

BRITANNIA.

The Fame of Virtue, 'tis for which I found,
And Heroes with Immortal Triumphs crown'd.
Fame built on solid Virtue swifter flies,
Than Morning Light can spread the Eastern Skies.
The gath'ring Air returns the doubling Sound,
And loud repeating Thunders force it round:
Echoes return from Caverns of the Deep:
Old Chaos dreams on't in Eternal Sleep.
Time hands it forward to its latest Urn,
From whence it never, never shall return,
Nothing is heard so far, or lasts so long:
'Tis heard by ev'ry Ear, and spoke by ev'ry Tongue.

My Darling with the Sails of Honour fill'd,
Rises like the Great Genius of the World.
By Fate and Fame wisely prepar'd to be
The Soul of War, and Life of Victory.
She spreads the Wings of Virtue on the Throne;
And ev'ry Wind of Glory fans them on.
Immortal Trophies dwell upon Her Brow,
Fresh as the Garlands She has worn but now.

By different Steps the high Ascend She gains,
And differently thar high Ascend maintains.
Princes for Pride and Lust of Rule make War,
And struggle for the Name of Conqueror.
Some Fight for Fame, and some for Victory,
She Fights to Save, and Conquers to set Free.

Anna, the Name that's spoke by every Tongue:

Anna's the Darling Subject of my Song,
Listen ye Virgins to the Charming Sound,
And in Eternal Dances hand it round:
Your early Offerings to this Altar teen,
Make Her at once a Lover and a Queen.
May She submit to none but to your Arms,
Nor ever be subdu'd, but by your Charms.
May your soft Thoughts for Her be all sublime,
And ev'ry tender Vow be made in Time.

May She be first in ev'ry Morning Thought,
And Heav'n ne'er hear a Prayer where she's left out.
May ev'ry Omen, ev'ry boding Dream,
Be Fortunate for mentioning her Name.
May this one Charm Infernal Powers affright,
And guard you from the Tenors of the Night.
May ev'ry cheerful Gaiety as it goes down
To Anna's Health, be Cordials to your own.
Let ev'ry Song be Chorus with Her Name,
And Mulick pay her Tribute to Her Fame.
Let ev'ry Poet tune his Artful Verse,
And in Immortal Strains Her Deeds rehearse.
And may Apollo never more inspire,
The Disobedient Bard with his Scamphur Fire.

May all my Sons their grateful Homage pay,
Her Praises Sing, and for Her Safety Pray.

Satyr return to our Unthankful life,
Secur'd by Heaven's Regard, and Anna's Toil.
To both Ungrateful, and to both Untrue;
Rebels to God, and to Good Nature too.

If e're this Nation be distressed again,
To whom e're they cry, they'll cry in vain.

In Heaven they cannot have the Face to look,
Or if they should, it would but Heav'n provoke,
To hope for Help from Men would be too much;
Mankind would always tell us of the Dutch.

How they came here our Freedoms to maintain,
Were Paid, and Guard, and Honour'd by our gain.

How by their Aid we their dilapid' d our Fears,
And then our Helpers damn'd for Foreigners.

'Tis not our English Temper to do better,
Or Englishmen think ev'ry one their Debtor.

'Tis worth observing, that we ne'er complain'd
Of Foreigners, nor of the Wealth we gain'd,
Till all their Services were at an End.
Wise Men affirm it is the English way,
Never to Grumble till they come to Pay.

And then they always thank the English Fish.

The Work too little, and the Pay too much.

As frighted Patients, when they hear of a Cure,

Paid any Price, and any Terms they will.

But when the Doctor says, 'Tis all your own,

The Cure's too little, and the Fee too dear.

Great Portland never was so staid, when he strove

For Us his Master's Cause to improve.

We never lampoon'd his Conduct, when employ'd

King James's secret Councils to divide:

Then we cavil'd at the only Man

Which could the Doubtful Oracle explain:

The only Husband able to repel

The Dark Designs of our *Acetophagi*.

Compar'd his Master's Courage to his Scare,

The *Ablest Statesman*, and the *Bravest Prince*.

On his Wise Conduct we depended much,

And lik'd him ne'er the worse for being Dutch.

Nor was he valur'd more than he deserv'd

Freely he ventur'd, faithfully he serv'd.

In all King William's Dangers he has shar'd,

In England's Quarrels always he appear'd.

The Revolution first, and then the Boyne

In Both his Counsels and his Conduct shone.

His Martial Valour *Nauders* will Confess,

And France his Managing the Peace.

Faithful to England's Interest and her King,

The greatest Reason of our *Misdealing*.

Ten Years in English Service he expos'd,

And gain'd his Master's and the World's Regard.

But 'tis not England's Custom to Reward

The Wars are over; England needs him not.

Now he's a Dutchman, and the Lord know what

Schonbergh, the *Ablest Soldier* of his Age,

With Great Nassau did in our Cause engage:

Both join'd for England's Rescue and Defence,

The Greatest Captain, and the Greatest Prince.

With what Applause his Stories did we tell,

Stories which Europe's *Poltrons* largely swell.

We counted him an Army in our Aid,

Where he commanded, no Man was afraid.

His Actions with a constant Conquest shone,

From Villa Viridula to the Rhine.

France, Flanders, Germany, his Fame confess'd,

And all the World was fond of him but Us.

Our Turn first serv'd, we gradu'd him the Command,

Which the Grateful Temper of the Land

We blam'd the King, that he refus'd to make

Our Strangers, Germans, Hugonots, and Dutch.

And seldom do's his great Affairs of State

To English Counsellors communicate.

The Fact might very well be as our world turns,

He had so often been betray'd by us.

He must have been a *Maidman* to rely

On English *G* ———— *misdealing*.

For lay, g other Arguments aside,

This thought might mortify our English Pride.

That Foreigners have faithfully obey'd

And none but Englishmen have e're betray'd.

They have our Spirit and Merchants' Anger and Pain

And barter'd English Blood for Foreign Gold.

First to the French they sold our Turkey Flavour,

And Injur'd Talmarsh next, at Cambray.

The King himself, shelter'd from their Rage,

Not by his Merits, but the Command State.

Experience tells us 'tis the English way,

That Benefactors always to betray.

And lest Examples should be in numbers,

A Modern Magistrate of Fauson Note,

Shall give you his own History by Ret.

I'll make it out, may it be short and true.

His Worship is a True Born Englishman;

In all the Latitude that Empty Words

By Modern Acceptation's understood.

The Parill-Books his Great Debet at record

Bad now he hopes e're long to be a Lord.

And truly as things go, it wou'd be more

But such as he bore Office in, the City

While Robbery for Burnt Offerings

And gives to God what he has

Dress'd in Monuments of Charity
And good Sir Magnus whiffed out his Fanlet,
To City Goals he grants a Jubilee,
And hires Huzzas from his own Jubilee.

Lately he wore the Golden Chain of Honour,
With which Equips he thus harangues the Town,
His Fine S.P.E.R.C.H. Sec.

With Clouted Iron Shoes and Sheepskin Boots,
More Rags than Manners, and more Dirt than Riches;
From driving Cows and Calves to Layton Market,
While of my Greariness there appear'd no Spark yet,

"Behold I come, to let you see the Pride
With which Exalted Beggars always Ride.

Born to the Needful Labours of the Plow,
The Cart-Whip grate't me as the Chain does now.
Nature and Fate in doubt what Course to take,
Whether I shou'd a Lord or Plow-Boy make,
Kindly at last resolv'd they wou'd promote me,
And first a Knave, and then a Knight they vote me.

What Fate appointed, Nature did prepare,
And furnish'd me with an exceeding Care.
To fit me for what they design'd to have me,
And ev'ry Gift but Honesty they gave me.

And thus Equipt, to this Proud Town I came,
In quest of Bread, and not in quest of Fame.
Blind to my future Fate, an humble Boy,
Free from the Guilt and Glory-I enjoy.

The Hopes which my Ambition entertain'd,
Were in the Name of Pore-Boy all contain'd.

"The Greatest Heights from Small Beginnings rise,
The Gods were Great on Earth, before they reach'd the Skies.

B—well, the Generous Temper of whose Mind,
Was alwys to me bountifull inclin'd:

Whether by his Ill Fate or Fancy led,
First took me up, and furnish'd me with Bread.

The little Services he put me to,
Seem'd Labours rather than were truly so.

But always my Advancement he design'd,
For 'twas his very Nature to be kind.

Large was his Soul, his Temper ever Free,
The best of Masters and of Men to me.

And I who was before decreed by Fate,
To be a Slave, as well as a Great Slave.

With an obsequious Diligence obey'd him,
Till trust'd with his All, and then betray'd him.

All his past Kindnesses I trampled on,
Ruin'd his Fortunes to erect my own.

So Vipers in the Bosom bred, begin
To hiss at that Hand first which took them in.

With eager Treach'ry I his Fall pursu'd,
And my first Trophies were Ingratitude.

Ingratitude's the worst of Human Guilt,
The basest Action Mankind can commit.

Which like the Sin against the Holy Ghost,
Has least of Honour, and of Guilt the most.

Distinguish'd from all other Crimes by this,
That 'tis a Crime which no Man will confess.

That Sin alone, which shou'd not be forgiv'n:
On Earth, altho perhaps it may in Heav'n.

Thus my first Benefaction I o'rethrew,
And how shou'd I be to a second true?

The Publick Trust came next into my Care,
And I to use them scurvily prepare.

My Needy Sovereign Lord I play'd upon,
And left him many a Thousand of his own,

For which great Interest took care to charge,
And so my *dearest Wealth* became so large.

My Predecessor *Judas* was a Fool,
Fitter to have been VVhipst, and sent to School.

Then Selling Saviour. Had I been at hand,
His Master had not been so cheap Trayn'd.

It would ha' made the eager *Jews* ha' found
For Thirty Pieces, Thirty thousand Pound.

My Cousin *Ziba*, of Immortal Fame,
(*Ziba* and I shall never want a Name.)

First-born of Treason, nobly did advance
His Master's Fall, for his Inheritance.

By whose keen Arts old *David* first began
To break his Sacred Oath to *Jehoshaphat*.

The Good Old King, 'tis thought, was very bold
To break his Word, and therefore broke his Oath.

(8)

Ziba is a Traitor of some Quality,
Yet *Ziba* might ha' been inform'd by me:

Had I been there, he ne'r had been content
With half th' Estate, nor half the Government:

In our late Revolution 'twas thought strange,
That I of all mankind shou'd like the Change:

But they who wonder'd at it, never knew,
That in it I did my Old Game pursue:

Nor had they heard of Twenty thousand Pound,
Which *me* was lost, yet never cou'd be found:

Thus all things in their turn to *Sale* I bring,
God and my Master first, and then the King:

Till by successful Villanies made bold,
I thought to turn the Nation into Gold:

And so to Forg—y my Hand I bent,
Nor doubting I could gull the Government:

But there was ruffl'd by the Parliament,
And if I 'scap'd th' Unhappy Tree to climb,

'Twas want of Law, and not for want of Crime:
But my e Old Friend, who printed in my Face

A needful Competence of English Brags, *the Devil*,
Having more business yet for me to do,

And loth to lose his Trusty Servant so,
Manag'd the matter with such Art and Skill,

As sav'd his Hero, and threw out the B—L.
And now I'm grac'd with unexpected Honours,

For which I'll certainly abuse the Donors:
Knights, and made a Tribune of the People,

Whose Laws and Properties I'm like to keep well:
The *Custar Rotulorum* of the City,

And Captain of the Guards of their *Banditti*:
Surrounded by my Catchpoles, I decline

Against the Needy Debtor open VVar:
I hang poor Thieves for *stealing* of your *Pelf*,

And suffer none to rob you, but my self:
The King commanded me to help Reform ye,

And how I'll do't, Misd— shall inform ye:
I keep the best Seraglio in the Nation;

And hope in time to bring it into Fashion:
No Brimstone VVhore need fear the lash from me,

That part I leave to brother *Jeffery*:
Our Gallants need not go abroad to Rome,

I'll keep a VVhoring Tub at home:
VVhose is the Darling of my *Limbeck*?

A'n't I a Magistrate for Reformation?
For this my Praise is sung by ev'ry Band,

For which *Bridewell* wou'd be a just Reward:
In Print my Panegyrick is set on Street,

And hir'd Gool-birds their notes repeat:
Some Charities contriv'd to make a show,

Have taught the Needy *Widow* to do so:
VVhose empty Noise was all the Fame,

Since for Sir *Belzebub* they set the same.

The CONCLUSION

Then let us boast of Ancestors no more,
Or Deeds of Heroes done in days of yore.

In later Records of the Ages past,
Behind the Rear of Time, in long Oblivion plac'd

For if our Virtues must in Lines descend,
The Merit with the *Pamphlet* wou'd end:

And Intermixtures wou'd most fatal grow:
For Vice would be Hereditary too,

The Tainted Blood wou'd of necessity,
Involuntary VVickedness convey.

Vice, like a Nature, for an Age or two
May seem a Generational surface:

But Virtue seldom does regard the Race,
Fools do the VVile, and VVile Men Fool the Race.

VVhat is't to us, what Ancestors we had?
If Good, what better? or what worse, if Bad?

Examples are for Imitation set,
Yet all men follow *Virtues* with Regret.

Cou'd but our Ancestors remove their Fate,
And see their Offspring thus degenerate,

How we contend for Birth and Names unknown,
And build on their past Actions, not our own.

They'd *scold* Records, and their Tongues abuse,
And openly disown the *degenerate* Race.

For Fame of *Families* is all a Cheat:
'Tis Personal Virtue only makes us great.

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